SLOGGING ALONG, SINGING OUR SONG

St. Michael's sword darts through the air And touches the arrival on his hair. And he sees them stand saluting there. His studwart sons: And Patrick, Bridget and Columbkil Rejoice that in veins of warriors still The Gael's blood runs.

And up to Heaven's doorway floats, From the woods called House-Bouque A delicate sound of bugle notes. That softly say:
Farewell—
Farewell—
(Taps sounding in distance.)

WORLD OF YOUTH

s breathe with deep, unquickened breatt a stand unswayed before the wind of filme of battle, though Feer saith, ic quickly now!" or, "Look behind!" r Love our Youth admonisheth, d whispers, smiling, "What is Death! d whispers, Feet, it. R. Kune, S.S.C. 648.

EVENING

Calling Rest-your work is through; Dreaming alone, Far from home, Where some one longs for you.

Thinking?
Memories, hopes and love—
Life is worth while,
You're happy—smile—
Youth and the stars above,
MELVIS RYDEE.

A NURSE'S PRAYER

O Lord, I must not cry, And yet mine eyes contain Such floods of scalding tears That they will never dry, Descending soft as rain. Through all the coming years.

Cor Jesu, I must weep, When I behold the sight: These nen who fought and bled, Who mear and cannot sleep. Their souls are snowy white. The wounded and the dead. Chaplain Throws F. COMLEY.

WILSON

Because the world where you and 1 Live and move and have our being" is not the world that men espy. Who see with blinded mortal seeing: Because its unpaced boundary Encircles every starry gky;

And though our thirst-caked lips are still, Our marching-feet sing this refrain: "Ours is the faith, and ours the will, "So give 'em hell again!"

The Army's Poets

The Army's Poets are its true inter-

The Army's Poets are its true interpretors. Enough verse reaches the office of THE STAIS AND STHIPES every overk to fill a volume as thek as Browning's Complete Works. All of it early be used, not even all of the best. The Dest simply has to be skimmed.

By the best is meant not the most felticitously phrased verses, Many a porm printed in these recent tunulluous weeks has imped along on crutches and been illuced to shand, and it is sentiment. Sometimes, before being printed, have been allowed to stand. For the sentiment must not be trached, And it is sentiment—heart, if you care to call it that—that all of this verse possesses as verse sclome possessed it before. The Army's Poets are the same message whether it speaks the Army's longing and love for shings and friends across the seas, of slum and cootics and mult, it speaks the Army's both wishers of your long of the this bilter and glorious business of var until the high times for which it is fighting are achieved, where he expression to see this thing and riveds works and the formal must not be trached, and it is sentiment—heart, if you care to call it that—that all of this verse possesses as verse sclome possessed it before. The Army's poets are the though, to keep at this bilter and glorious business of var until the high aims for which it is fighting are achieved, when the Army's Poets in unison shall interpret the Army's soul in a pean of victors.

This page, therefore, is dedicated to the Army's Poets.

The splintered shell and bayonet Are lost in crumbing village wail; No subjer scans the rim of hills. No sentry heats the night bird call.

From blood-wet soil and sunken trench. The flowers bloom in summer light; And farther down the vibe beyond. The pensant sames are sad, yet bright.

The wounded Maine is growing green. The gust of Hun no longer smarts; Democracy is born smarth and the worked hearts? But what about the worked hearts? But white lying wounded in hospital; (Written while lying wounded in hospital; died August, 1915.)

IN OUR COMPANY KITCHEN

Don't sound to me the praises of Sousa's famous band. Caruso, 'Galli-Curer or such others in the

land.

No matter low much homage to these satisfates von bring.

They can't hold a candle to our cooks when they begin to sing.

In our company kitchen

Why, I conduct sit through a concept in the big Acobian Ball.

Or listen to a harp trio at a famous Bilt-more ball:
For when it comes to harmony, the kind for "Inck which,"

The state of the property of the con-pands when they beam to sing.

In our company kitchen.

About a half-hour after mess when the hi has just gone through. has just jone through.
And they're cooking up some more chow,
which is sure to be some stew.
Amid the clatter of the pans, it's "The
perary" that's the thing:
Or "The Long, Long Trail"; and it's barmony, when our cooks begin to sing.
In our company kitchen.

Then they "Hank the D. Old Kaiser," and they warble "Over There,"
Then "Carry Me Back to Old Vorginia," which they sure lozz up to tob.
Two whickey tenurs and a bass, and a K.P. singing lead.
And we're glad, for the better that they sing, the better is our feed.
In our company kitchen.
SSI, CLEITORD T. WAINER.
Camp Hospital 16.

ALLIES!

The French, the British, and the Portugee, Captain, or colonel, or king though he be, Gives a solute in response to me, Buck private in Under Sam's Infantry. There's much that a soldier's salute

There's many tour a limited implies.
But it means the most when it means "We're Allies."

In Belgium and France and Italy.
They talk in ways that me Greek to me,
But the sheeth of soldlers contresy
Is a Langua Franca wherever you be,
With a single gesture, I recognize
That I am one of the Twenty Allies.

I never could tell just why it should be That the first salute should be up to me In this queer new army of democracy. But every commander must answer me. British, or French, or Indo-Chinec. Captain, or colond, or king though be be There's much that a soldier's salute

There's much one.
Implies,
But it means the most when it means,
"We're Allies!"
Munitarry, Huddles, Pyt. Inf.

NGUOI ANNAM

hills.

He is making the dirt fly, somewhere in France:
It may be a day and a half to the front.

Though it might be wherever it happened to chance.

Of compositional duront, deep in the

The brown little, black-haired Annamites, A stub of a nose and a slit for an eye. But a hand that can tilt with a valley or hill, Though hardly a one is a soldier high. Ouh di dau, with your teeth stained

s. wrinkled old faces that jabber so fast.
Tot si law, with your puff of labar.
That makes you go hopping, dreamgossiping, past.

The corporal struts, in his miniature pride:
Nguol Annam is a colonel, at least.
By his vagabond costume assembled from secorus
Of heroes of France that have long been
Sgi. ANDREW LATHENDE QUERK.

Of heroes of France that have long been deceased.

blouse—
The horizon, that day, was a glorious ylew!
His breeches are khaki, his stripes without horizon, that day, was a glorious

And his conical hat is of native bamboo.

But he's leading his men over bushes and hills, Constructing a camp for the U.S.A.: With the lifting of shovels, the Jingling of

The little brown army is fighting today. Ouh di dau, with your shovels and picks,
You're volunteers, at a franc a day.
Thuot lao, your pinetul's a pinch,
O long, long puff and you hop away.
Pyt, Charles Divine.

OPEN WARFARE

The stirring notes have ceased, and silence

THE FIELDS OF THE MARNE
The fields of the Marne are growing green.
The fields of the Marne are growing green.
The river nurmins on and on:
No more the half of mirriallense.
The cannon from the halfs are gone.
The cannon from the halfs are gone.
The herder leads the sheep afield.
Where grasses grow o'er broken blade:
And toll-worn women till the soil
O'er human mold, in sunny glade.
The splintered shell and bayened
Are lost in crumbling cillage wall;
No subject scans the tim of hills.

VES_WE_WILL

YES—WE—WHAL

When this old war is finished,
And the horde of floode diminished,
When the Kaiser and his roughnecks are
but visions of the past.
When underneath the Linden
They halter-shank von Hinden,
We'll all shed lears of sorrow that the
fineas didn't last.

LISTEN

We'll all shed tears of sorrow if we're ordered home tomorrow, Yes, we will - YES WE--WILL.

When you see the Bright Lights shiring Of the town for which you're pining. When you're pining. When you Main Street's just the same as ever 'twise before, You'll say, 'It's sure a pity. 'To see this good old city.' And wonder why they couldn't have prolonged this awful war.

LISTEN You'll wonder why it's over, WHY they MAKE you live in clover, Yes, you will YES-YOU-WILL.

When you get the Boche retreating, After handing them a heating. We'll tell them, "We are sorry-forgive us (4)L please do"; For we really love the Kaiser. The crucked, simil miser, We'll cheer for lum in Berlin, when WF go marching through.

LET MU TELL YOU We'll hand him beaucoup money, And all kinds of milk and honey, Yes, we will-slikken-distrile-wist will-Corp. Jack N. Cannon, F. A.

THE MULESKINNER

He hiteles up when the day is fading.
Two males to a guerart, which runs o
two wheels.
He hards on the rations, and off he goo
Jounnal To the loys in the tremches; through th
darkness he steals.

He can handle a mule like one

master
Of animals stubborn, ferocious, untained
He can get his old cart into any old corner
He's just a muleskinner, for such is he
named.

He can talk to his mules in a voice that

commanding:
Not fascinating, sweet, mellow or low;
But his word is the law; and the mules,
understanding.
Lust throw up their ears and off they Just throw up will go.

ways Cer shell holes, and rocks, and shrapael galore: Through shell-dre and gas he's on the job always; He's up and going and looking for more.

Once o'er a road, he can always remember its had spots, and puddles, and dangerous

He can tell in a jiffy the course of a whizzer. For there's no one who faster than a muleskinner learns.

The roads are the favorite spots for the minnies
To alight in the hone of getting our boys,
And one who is skittish will sure get the
jimmies
From the bursting of shrapnel and deafening noise.

entrance
Of camouflaged dugout, deep in the
ground.
They in the hole know not of his presence.
For even the mules let out not a sound.

fast.
Who chatter to music of cal, low, and bours.
Me water from bottles now gurgling a tune;
And the uniforms glitter like part of the song.

The part of the greets them with words kind and hearty.

Once again he starts over the road.

There he sits, cool and collected, Directing his path with a touch of a rein; Back to his station his mules are directed-And in the coural he rewards them with

-y grain Then, of himself—for Nature compels it— He thinks, for the first time in all thes

hours. Sleepy and tired, he crawls in his blanke Under a shelter, protected from showers

Of horizon blue are his leggins and NEW ENGLAND AMBITIONS The German hordes are coming of Us Rubes will meet the Boche. And ere another day has gone. They'll know we're here, b'gosh!

For though they number pretty strong, We hope they all will come, For then this scrap won't last so long, We'll chaw 'em up, h'gum!

We'll show 'em that this gang of Rubes Will not give in a speck; We'll mix it with those German boobs, Then goodbye, Boche, by heck!

Then when at last the peace is made.
They'll know that we're the ginks
That put the Kaiser in the shade.
New England guys, by fin's!
EDWARD L. MAGEE, 2nd Lt. Engrs.

THE WOODS CALLED ROUGE-BOUQUET

Dedicated to the memory of 19 members of Co. E. — Infantry, who made the supreme sacrifice at Rouge-Bouquet, Forest of Parroy, France, March 7; read by the chaplain at the funeral, the retrain echoing the music of taps from a distant grove; written by Sergeant Joyce Kilmer, poet and newspaper man, killed in action near the Gurcq July 30. Sergeant Kilmer had volunteered his services to the major of the foremost battailon because his own battailon would not be in the lead that day.

In the woods they call Rouge-Bouquet There is a new-made grave today, Built by never a spade or pick, Yet covered by earth ten meters thick.

There lie many fighting men, Dead in their youthful prime, Never to laugh or live again Or taste of the summer time;

For death came flying through the air And stopped his flight at the dugous stair. Touched his prey— And left them there—

Clay to clay, e hid their bodies stealthly the soil of the land they sought t free,
And fled away.

Now over the grave abrupt and clear, Three volleys ring: And perhaps their brave young spirits hear:

And Phaing in distance.) SHERMAN

L'ENVOI.
Comrade true,
Born anew,
Peace to you;
le where the heroes are,
lory shine like the morning star.
Brave and dear.
Shield us hereFarewell,
MYCE KILMER,
Killed July 30, 1918. LIBRA Por soul shall be And your memory B

SEA STUFF

Now I'm a soldier, so t ain't No hand at art, but say, There's things at sea I'd like to paint Before I'm tucked away.

A cruiser on the sunrise track, Alert to find the morn. With every funnel helching black Into the red, gold dawn:

A line o' transports, crazy lined, On blue-green wayes adance, 'That sink their hows, all spray an' de Belltoottn' it for France; A manned gun peerin' out to port As evenin' shadows close; Beyond, a ship slipped up an' caught Against a cloud o' 108c;

A crow's nest loomin' from below Across the Milk Way's bars, Jest like a cradle rockin' slow, Ac' sung to by the stars.

No. I can't maint the things I've seen While we were passin' by. But, all the same, they sure have been Worth icokin' at, say I. PUL STREART MACKIE EMERY, AI Sen Co. A. — M.P.

THE PRAYER OF THE THIRD PLATOON

The Third Patoon is a good one, And we thanked our lucky stars. That we had the best lattle lieutenant. Who ever put on the bars.

The bars were of gold when he joined us, But he was so game and so bold That the high command saw he earned it, And traded him silver for gold.

He was smaller than most of the small ones, And 'tis true he looked pretty young, but he showed his worth and his valor, Wherefore his praises are sung.

He was with us when we were rookies He trained us to do squads right. And later, in this strange country. He led us into the light.

le was with us on post in the trenches, He led the battalion patrol: Charged with us across the Ourcq When we made the Boehe hunt his hole

He came the first Sunday of August To bid the plation goodbye. And said, "Men, 'its other duties," And there was something like a te his eye.

Of course, we are all down-hearted, For we loved our Jonesie well, And as long as he was with us, We would have chased the Boche through hell.

we've tought quite a bit for our

Southry—

Some gave all a soldier owns—
And now we don't ask for much, dear
colonel.

But please, sir, send us our Teddy Jones.
Third Platoon, Co. L. — Inf.
(Pvt. 1, D. B.).

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and Catalogue will be sent gratis any soldier applying for it.

MOTHER

And here's a line to Mother. The best of all the lot, With a simple little message, Just a sweet-forget-me-not. It's sent to her from some or Scaled with a kiss of love, To wish her joy and comfort And blessings from above.

May it find her well and happy As the morr I went away, May it make her burden lighter As she works from day to day. May it chase away the wrinkles From her ant-to-worry brow, And keep that smile asmiling. Till we've finished up this row.

There's a brighter day acoming For us, and those back home;
There 're ships of Joy and Happiness
To sail us o'er the foam.
And sights will be most wonderful As loved ones greet each other,
But none will be so tenderly
When Sonny meets his Mother.
R. V. Brady.

OVER THE TOP

other day when we went over, r the top and up the hill, rushed through a field of wheat and

clover.
Where German guns did their best to kill. Twas broad daylight when we not orders To shove Fritz back toward his own

To shove Fritz-back toward his own borders; Our latteries stormed with shot and shell. And over we went with a mighty yell.

When the Huns saw us coming, they beat it quick, Sweet the machine guns, which were very thick, some of the men on them couldn't run

away, ause they were chained to their guns to stay. 't was great to see the boys go through— The Borbe barrage got one or two— But no man fathered in his steady gait. And each one kept in touch with his mate.

Many of the Boche seemed very glad To surrender, and shouted "Kamerad!" Each man raised his hands over his head And seemed surprised he wasn't shot dead

Now that we've been over the top.
We'll keep on going and never stop;
We'll keep on make Fritz pay his debts.
For he can't face Yanks with bayonets.
John J. Currin, Sgt. Inf.
[14] was slightly wounded a short time
gro," wrote Sergeant Curtin in the letter
accompanying this poem.]

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